

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

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IZHAR KHAN –BRAIN IN THE CLASS

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

Madeenah....I love You by Asma bin Shmaeem D85

In the middle of the desert, across the seven seas
Lies a lush valley most beloved to me

There are no skyscrapers, there is no fancy life
There is nothing of this dunya yet it's the most beautiful sight

Beautiful are its little houses, so charming are its dusty roads
So gorgeous are its palm trees, bending over with their loads

Its nights are so fragrant, its days are so blessed
no one can describe it....no words to express it

In Madeenah there is peace, Madeenah is a healing
It is a sanctuary for every heart that is feeling

When I look in the streets, I see young children playing
I wonder if they realize the enormity of this blessing

To be brought up in the blessed streets of this sacred city
To wake up every morning and to enjoy its sanctity

What I would give to be in their place, I wish it were me instead
I wish...I make dua.....as I lay here in my bed

Ya Rabbi, take me to Madeenah....that's where I belong
That's my place...everywhere else seems so wrong

I just don't belong here.... I simply don't blend in
Nothing else seems right, I just don't fit in

It's Madeenah that I desire, to Madeenah is my calling
Madeenah is the place my achy heart is longing

How my heart craves.... How it yearns to be with you
Madeenah is where I left my heart, O Madeenah, how I miss you!

Every time I visit you, with immense peace I am overcome
My restless heart finds peace... a feeling... I'm finally home

I love you O Madeenah, I love you in so many ways
I want to spend my life there, for the rest of my days

In Madeenah I want to live and in Madeenah I want to die
To be buried with ten thousand Sahaabah, in al-Baqee' I want to lie

So maybe... when we are resurrected, with the Sahaabah I will be
I am hoping Allaah will forgive me, that's the only chance for me

And just like how Umar al-Farooq often used to pray
I make the same dua to Allaah as he; and I also say

O Allaah, give me Shahaadah and grant me this Sacred City
For indeed it is pure.... it is blessed....it is Madeenah-tun-Nabi

IZHAR KHAN MY BROTHER

NAVIDUL HAQ KHAN

It was a cold and dreary November day in 1960. A chubby little boy was born south London. My mother had been expecting when we had left Pakistan, to come to London. At the time we lived in south London on the ground floor of a terraced house that my parents had rented. My father had won a scholarship through the commonwealth, to work for a PhD in organic chemistry.

The very next day, we had a visitor from one of our next door neighbours. This was a pleasant elderly, English lady. Her name was Miss Shorter. She was a spinster and had never married after her fiancé was killed in action in France during the Second World War. Miss. Shorter (who we later came to know and love as “Aunty Floss” because her hair resembled a mass of candy floss) introduced herself and also told my mum that she was a Medium and had seen in a vision that a son was born next door and that is why she had come to see him. She also told my mother that she had seen her elders in a vision and that if my mum had any old family photographs, she could point out to her, who each one of her relatives were. My mother, reluctantly, produced an old group photograph and Miss. Shorter correctly identified some of her relatives, whom she had seen in her vision. Miss. Shorter also mentioned to my mum that this baby who was born to her was spiritually connected to her (i.e. Miss. Shorter) and she said that she loved him like the son that Miss. Shorter had never had.

My mother was a bit upset and worried at all this. Nevertheless, soon, Miss. Shorter became a regular visitor to our house and whenever she came she used to bring us all sorts of nicely cooked cakes and other gifts. One of her favorites, which she cooked every Saturday, was a walnut cake.

After a few months, my mother had to start going back to work. Our father received a nominal stipend from the scholarship and this hardly sufficed for his text books and other expenses. Baby sitters in those days were very expensive and there was no one else in our house that could look after Izhar, while my mother was at work. One day she mentioned this to Aunty Floss, Miss. Shorter was overjoyed! This was the chance she had been waiting for. She immediately volunteered to look after Izhar. It was as if she had been waiting for exactly this opportunity. Now she could have her beloved “Dimples” all to herself, all day! Aunty Floss used to call Izhar by a nickname she had given him, “Dimples” (I know Izhar will never forgive me for this) . Izhar was a lovely baby, and two identical bilateral dimples appeared on his cheeks whenever he smiled. Now every morning my mother would drop Izhar off at 121 Lavenham Road in South London, which was next door to us.

Soon after Izhar was born, we had to move to another house in the area, in the grounds of the Fazal Mosque in Southfields in Putney. When our Mum went back to work, (because she was the main bread earner for the family at the time as my father was on a small stipend) come rain, snow, sunshine or sleet, Aunty Floss was there early in the morning at the bus stop with his pushchair, to her home and she looked after him all day long. She used to change him, clean

him, feed him and she did it with such love that was incredible. I suppose it was the maternal instinct in her and she showered Izhar with the love, for the child of her own, that she never had. When it was time for my mother to return, she would be waiting at the bus stop, with Izhar, wrapped up in warm clothes, ready to hand him over to our mother. She was indeed a remarkable woman and I am sure she left was instrumental in Izhar's early training. Though she loved him dearly, she was very strict with him and would not tolerate any nonsense. If he misbehaved he would be disciplined. When we left England in 1964, Aunt Floss was very tearful and sad, as she came to see us off. When we returned, we kept in touch through letters. Those were the good old days when people still wrote letters!

When we came back to Pakistan, Izhar was about four years old. I remember, he was terrified of house flies. Whenever a fly flew near him he used to scream and duck. One of my Mother's friends named him "Paksitan Makhhi".

Our father (Allah bless him), had a first class academic career. He won a scholarship to Syracuse University in America after his graduation that was before the partition of India. I think it was probably 1946 that he went to the US. When Pakistan was created, he got other Muslim and Hindu colleagues from the University and "Presented the Flags" of the two countries to the gathering and the University authorities.

It was our father's great ambition to see all his children to be well educated. He was a sort of a Sufi / Scientist, who was not at all interested in the material world. Throughout his career, he did not build or buy a house of his own and we must have changed at least ten or twelve rented houses during a period of about 15 years. The dream of his life was to see photographs of his children in the newspaper. What this meant was that they should be top of their classes and in Matriculation or Intermediate exams and their photos and interviews should be published in the papers. Whenever he discussed our academic progress, he used to say to us "*Maza tubb hai keh jubba akhbaar mai'n tasweer aaay*". Unfortunately I was unable to realize his dream. It was Izhar, however, who made my father's dream come true! I can say without any doubt, that, that was the happiest day of his life.

Izhar was the cleverest of us all, but more importantly, he was very hard working student and focused on whatever he wanted to do. I was the one (as his older brother), who used to teach him the various games we played, including Table tennis, Chess etc. and soon Izhar would excel in them all. He used to invariably beat me in all these games. Izhar used to outshine all the others in all that he did MashaAllah.

My elder sister Munazza Baji and I were taught to read the Holy Quran by Mr and Mrs. Chaudhry Muhammad Hussain (may Allah have mercy on them). These were the parents of the Nobel Laureate, Professor Abdus Salaam. When Izhar had finished reading the *Qaida*, he also joined us. After only a few lessons, Chaudhri Sahib, said to my mother, "I will not be able to complete his reading of the Holy Quran, but MashaAllah; he is so clever that he will quickly complete the *Nazira* reading on his own". Soon after this remark, Chaudhri Sahib passed away. Just as Chaudhri Sahib predicted, Izhar sped through the *nazra* reading of the Holy Quran.

There was a phase in the life of Izhar, when he was very interested in the Sufi tradition in Islam. He became an ardent proponent of the concept of *wahdatul wujood*. This phase, however, did not last very long. Izhar went on to read the Western Philosophers, literature and history. He is a voracious reader. Mashallah he has a very good memory.

Izhar was no “angel” as a child. He had his shortcomings. He often played the usual pranks that other children do. Once when our mother left Izhar and my youngest sister Zakia, in the car, while she went shopping, I think it was Elphinstone Street. While they were waiting in the car, Izhar started talking to Zakia in a very serious tone. He told her, that although no one had told her, she was not our parents’ biological child and that she had been adopted by them. Poor Zakia was in tears and inconsolable by the time my mother returned to the car. Needless to say, he got an earful from our mother.

Izhar is a very sensitive person. Not only does he express his verbal disapproval, of injustice, but takes practical steps in order to try and do something about it. He is moved to action by the plight of others in a way that is remarkable

I count myself very fortunate to have a caring and loving brother as Izhar; I know that he loves me more than I can imagine. Once when I broke my tibia in a hit and run accident in 1994, Izhar flew all the way from Scotland to be with me in Romford, Essex. May Allah bless him with the best in this world and the next!

AlhamdoliAllah, he has excelled in all his ambitions. He is one of the most well- informed and caring physicians.

I believe Izhar is one of the most well and widely read people I know. He is very well informed in the humanities, has a deep knowledge of western art and culture. He is an accomplished pianist and a committed walker.

My late father (May Allah bless him and grant him a high station in Paradise) often used to say, “Who we are, is just an accident of birth”. I feel I am privileged that I was accidentally born to the same parents as Izhar was.

May he long prosper, have a long, healthy and happy life and read all he wants to. I am sure that in Jannat Allah Ta’ala will grant him an abode in a library with countless books so that he can read to his heart’s content.

IZHAR A FRIEND FOR LIFE: FARRUKH HASHMI

In everyone's life there comes a person, who, with his or her smile, behavior or just due to his magnetic personality makes one wish, hope and desire to enter into a cherished and previous friendship with him or him forever.

So is the story of my friendship with Izhar, I met him on the first day of DMC as we both attended a meeting hosted by NSF seniors to welcome the new class entering a place we all call Dow. I was sitting next to Izhar and was impressed by his knowledge, jokes and his down to earth personality.

Soon I found out that he was going to be my roommate as well in Hostel II; that was a dream come true. I learned a lot from Izhar over the years. He was THE BEST in everything, He was not only great in academics, he was also one of the towering leaders of NSF of DMC. His knowledge about every topic was exceptional. While many of position holders of our class were only good at academics, Izhar was a genius not only in academics but was also great in politics. In social sphere he was part of the BSF of D85 which was comprised of fun loving guys, and their jokes and hulla Gulla were the best part of D85.

I was and I will always remain proud of my friend, my brother and my roommate Izhar. We had so much fun in Hostel II, Room 23, that our Room has acquired a legendary status whenever anyone will write about Hostel II, Waris Shah Hostel. Waqar Yousuf , Riaz Adil , Khalid Anwar and Naushad Mohiuddin were the other distinguished members of the gang

Life at hostel was totally different from the boring stuff of DMC during daytime. ☺ I can write a book about our activities that Izhar, Muslim , Munir , Amjad , Ishaq Bawa , Shahbaz Malik , Umar Daraz Khan , Wahid Bhatti, I and many others did during our time there, but suffice it to say that Izhar was and still remains the center of our admiration, respect and unconditional love. We went through tough times at DMC together as well as in the hostel but we never gave up.

I can say without any reservation that Izhar is a very versatile person. He is superb in academics, an activist, humanitarian and no mean musician, a talent he discovered recently by learning to play piano. You must see his Videos he has posted on Facebook to see for yourself. He has also won a prize with his porridge making expertise. He is a great family man whose love for his wife and kids is admirable...

All and all he is one of the best of the best human beings I have ever known and met.

May Allah give him long, happy and prosperous life with his lovely family and friends!
Amen ☺

IZHAR KHAN: A FRIENDSHIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: SALEEM A KHANANI

Although we studied in the same class and spent almost eight years at the imposing birth place of thousands of doctors called the Dow Medical College, Izhar and I rarely had an occasion to talk to each other. Through the class email server we started getting in touch with each other from time to time. Facebook was to change this occasional occurrence to a regular exchange of ideas that both of us are likely to cherish as a transatlantic friendship between two highly opinionated individuals who despite some differences have a lot in common.

Izhar was already well known as we entered the welcoming gates of our alma mater. With his top standing in the intermediate examination he was expected to excel. And this is exactly what he has continued to do ever since. While the other top students of the class like Abdul Jabbar, Fayyaz Ahmed Shaikh, Mirza Basit Baig and Shams Sadruddin focused mostly on the curricular side of life at Dow, Shahnaz Natalwala and Izhar found time to display their talents in other fields as well. Shahnaz won laurels in sports as Izhar got involved in politics, social activities and reading both extensively and intensively a broad range of subjects.

After the house job Izhar moved to the United Kingdom. Passing postgraduate examinations did not pose any problems for his genius. He started his career near Glasgow and then moved on to Edinburgh. He is not just a Scott now. He is a highly passionate and patriotic one. He became a registrar in nephrology in Inverness and Dundee and then proceeded to do a fellowship in Aberdeen. During the course of this he had the opportunity of studying renal diseases in five Western and five East European countries.

Izhar's writing skills are not hidden from anyone but I would like to mention that his seminal paper was published in the Lancet in 1993 in which he described a method to compare outcomes in renal replacement therapy. He has multiple publications to his

credit in renal diseases published in Scotland, Russia, Albania, Germany, France, Greece and the Baltic countries, all the lands that he visited.

He is on the editorial board of Nephron: Clinical Practice, and a member of the PLAB Part I panel besides being a Consultant Nephrologist since 1996. He has published a book on renal diseases and written chapters in various books.

On a personal level, Izhar is happily married to Nino Bhabhi who is involved in catering business. The couple has three handsome boys. Ali is a trainee physician, Osman is a law graduate working in London, and the baby of the house Omar is a sport science student.

This short article would not be complete without mentioning Izhar's passion for French literature and his obsession with the works of Marcel Proust, best known for his monumental novel *À la recherche du temps perdu* (*In Search of Lost Time*; earlier translated as *Remembrance of Things Past*), published in seven parts between 1913 and 1927. Izhar is learning French to read this masterpiece in original although he has gone through it more than once over the years.

Izhar has always been vocal when it comes to issues of justice and equality. A man of rational mind, he is never afraid of questioning and challenging the norm. His exchanges with me, often provocative, on various aspects of life and religion have made me do some rethinking as well. I am hoping that one day my distinguished friend and I will meet again in person and enjoy endless discussion over Biryani, zarda and doodh patti chay.

Travel, politics and music remain his passion but a hidden talent was recently revealed and rewarded as he won the World Porridge Competition.

The class wishes you the best in life dear Izhar.

IZHAR IN PHOTOS

VISITING THE RESTING PLACE OF HIS FAVORITE AUTHOR



PASSIONATE ABOUT MUSIC



A PROUD MOMENT FOR A FATHER



FROM THE DAYS OF DOW



M A P

Map the wind
Map the sky
Map the stars
Map the water
Map the emotions
Map the beauty
Map the elegance
Map the truth
Map the mind
Map the soul
map the heart
Map love
Map the word
Map!
Map

Ninth Wonder!

Photon falls on the bark
On the stream
On the leaf
On the grass
On the rainbow
On the bird
On the cow
Then on the retina
And there the magic begins
The ninth wonder!

Light Of meaning

Light Of joy
Light Of laughter
Light Of wonder
Light Of thunder
Light Of magic
Light Of mystique
Light Of dawn
Light Of dusk
Light Of noon
Light Of moon
Light Of atoms
Light Of photons
Light Of Universe
Light Of Milky Way
Light Of colours
Light Of flowers
Light Of rainbow
Light of fireflies
Light Of heart
Light Of desire
Light Of candle
Light Of bird song
Light Of lover's face
Light Of beauty's grace
Light Of possibilities
Light Of sensibilities
Light Of meaning
In the meaning of Light!

A FORAY INTO AN UNPREDICTABLE FUTURE:

The future is a very big place. I know this to be true because I spend a lot of time there-typically getting lost in the bigness of it. It's an easy place to get lost in, partly because there are no reliable maps. Geographically speaking, the future is akin to those oceanic margins that the cartographers of old so helpfully labeled as, "Here be Dragons". Indeed there maybe dragons, Baby unicorns or giant radioactive sea-slugs!

A big problem with navigating the future is that not only is it so immeasurably big, but it is so many!!!! Like from where I am standing right now I can see a multitude of futures, each one spinning off into finite combinations and permutations that sway and shift with each forward step. Granted that some of these futures are more probable than others, the fact remains that even the most well informed prediction is no guarantee that something I anticipate is going to happen actually!
As for wishes.

.... خود غرضی

خود غرضوں کے دائروں کے درمیان کھڑی
میں بے بسی کی چکی میں پستی رہی
یہ نگر ٹہرا سونے کے ہیکاروں کا
یہاں غریب کی وقعت نکلے کی نہ ٹہری
ہر رشتہ ہے یہاں پہ مفاد سے جڑا
مجھ سے فائدہ نہیں تو میں بھی نہیں
مالک تیری دنیا پہر بہکی سونے کے پھڑے کے آگے
اب پیغمبروں کی ضرورت دنیا کو دوبارہ سے پڑ گئی
ہم نہ ہوں گے تو یوں بہلا دے گی دنیا
گویا میری ہستی کبھی تھی ہی نہ تھی
نصیب کھوٹے لے کر میں خود آئی دنیا میں
زرق بٹ رہا تھا تو میں عقل کی تلاش میں چل دی
رقیب کے ساتھ زندگی گزار کے تو دیکھو
.... اپنے آپ سے کتنی نفرت ہے ہو جاتی

TAHIR HUSSAIN DOW 1982

جھولی میں فقیروں کے، کیا لعل و گوہر ہوگا
یا لب پہ دعا ہوگی یا دیدہ ۽ تر ہوگا

تنخای کے صحرا میں کون آے گا اب ملنے
یا وحشت ۽ دل ہوگی یا درد ۽ جگر ہوگا

اس حسن ۽ یگانہ کے دامان ۽ نوازش میں
یا چشم ۽ کرم ہوگی، یا تیر ۽ نظر ہوگا

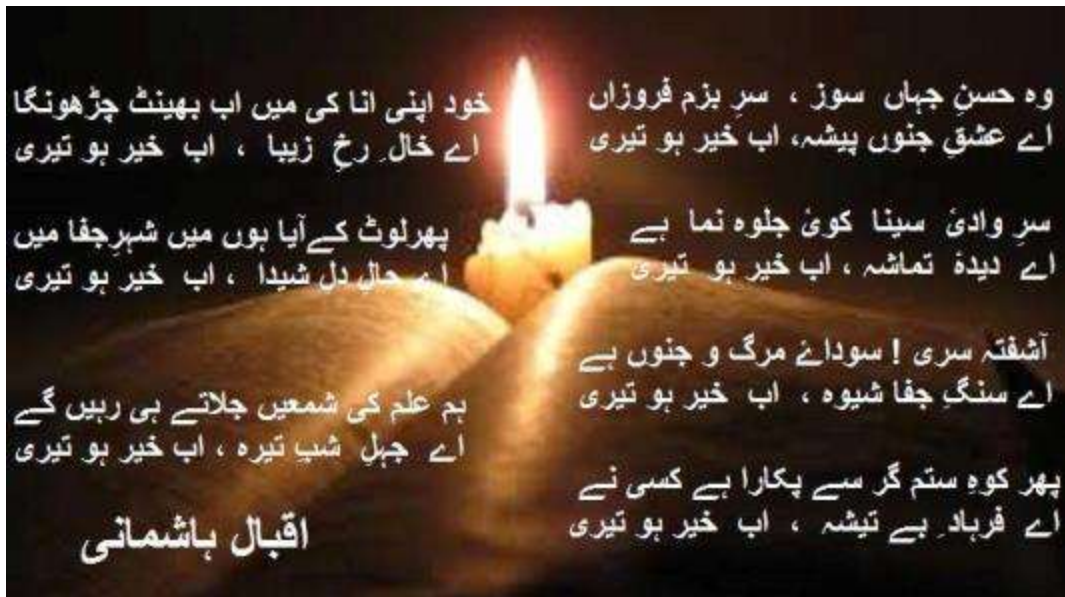
اس شہر ۽ خرابی میں، بس دو ہی تو امکاں ہیں
یا موت بھیں ہوگی یا پھر سے سفر ہوگا

رنجیدہ و پژمرده، اب گلشن ۽ ہستی میں
یا فکر ۽ جلی ہوگی یا دست ۽ ہنر ہوگا

ظالم کو یہ بتلا دو، اس جنگ کی بازی میں
یا تاج تیرا ہوگا، یا تیرا یہ سر ہوگا

اک سجدہ ۽ تعظیمی کے دو ہی مناسک ہیں
یا میرا یہ سر ہوگا، یا تیرا یہ در ہوگا

طاہر تو ہے دیوانہ، کیا اس کا ٹھکانہ ہو
یا دوش ۽ ہوا ہوگا، یا خاک بسر ہوگا



POETESS OF THE MONTH: KISHWAR NAHEED

MAHWASH GABA DMC 1985



Kishwar Naheed (Urdu: کشور ناہید), is an Urdu poet from Pakistan known for her pioneering feminist poetry.

Life and Family

Born in 1940 in a Syed family of Bulandshahr, India, Kishwar was a witness to the violence (including rape and abduction of women) associated with partition, and herself moved with her family to Pakistan in 1949.

Kishwar had to fight to receive an education at a time when women did not go to school. She studied at home and obtained a high school diploma through correspondence courses, but went on to receive a masters degree in Economics from Punjab University, Lahore.

Kishwar was married to Poet Yousuf Kamran, raised two sons with him as a working woman, and then continued to support her family after his death in the Eighties.

Works

Kishwar Naheed held administrative roles in various national institutions. She was Director General of Pakistan National Council of the Arts before her retirement. She also edited a prestigious literary magazine *Mah e Naw* and founded an organisation *Hawwa (Eve)* whose goal is to help women without an independent income become financially independent through cottage industries and selling handicrafts.

Kishwar has published six collections of poems between 1969 and 1990. She also writes for children and for the daily *Jang*, a national newspaper. Kishwar's poetry has been translated into English and Spanish and her famous poem *We Sinful Women* gave its title to a ground breaking anthology of contemporary Urdu feminist poetry translated and edited by Rukhsana Ahmad published in London by The Women's Press in 1991.

Awards

Adamjee Prize of Literature on Lab-e-goya (1969)
UNESCO Prize for Children's Literature on *Dais Dais Ki Kahanian*
Best Translation award of Columbia University
Mandela Prize (1997)
Sitara-e-Imtiaz (2000)

Works:

Lab-e-Goya (1968)

Reference

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کشور ناہید پاکستان کی ادبی حلقوں میں ایک نمایاں مقام رکھتی ہیں۔ وہ ایک حساس دل کی ملک ہیں ملک کے سیاسی اور سماجی حالات پر اُن کی گہری نظر ہے۔ ایک عرصے سے وہ روزنامہ جنگ میں کالم لکھ رہی ہیں۔ کشور پاکستان نیشنل کونسل آف آرٹس کی ڈائریکٹر جنرل کے عہدے پر کام کرتی رہی ہیں۔ اس کے علاوہ وہ کئی سال تک ادبی جریدے ماہ نو کی ادارت کے فرائض بخوبی انجام دیتی رہی ہیں۔ آجکل وہ اسلام آباد میں سکونت پذیر ہیں۔

ہم گنہگار عورتیں

یہ ہم گنہگار عورتیں ہیں

جواہل جبہ کی تمکنت سے نزع کھائیں

نہ جان بچیں

نہ سر جھکائیں

نہ ہاتھ جوڑیں

یہ ہم گنہگار عورتیں ہیں

کہ جن کے جسموں کی پیچیں جولوگ

وہ فرماؤ گھبریں

نیات سر فرماؤ گھبریں

وہ داؤ راہل ساڑ گھبریں

یہ ہم گنہگار عورتیں ہیں

کہ سچ کا پرچم اٹھائیں

تو جھوٹ کی ساری شاہراہیں اُٹلیں

ہر ایک دلیہ پر سزاؤں کی داستانیں رکھی لے ہیں

جو بول سکتی تھیں وہ زبانیں کٹی لے ہیں

یہ ہم گنہگار عورتیں ہیں

کہ اب تعاقب میں رات بھی آئے

تو یہ مٹا دیں نہیں پیچیں گی

کہ اب جو دیوار گر چکی ہے

اُسے اٹھانے کی ضد نہ کرنا

یہ ہم گنہگار عورتیں ہیں

جواہل جبہ کی تمکنت سے نزع کھائیں

نہ جان بچیں

نہ سر جھکائیں، نہ ہاتھ جوڑیں

کشور ناہید

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وہ اجنبی تھا، غیر تھا، کس نے کہا نہ تھا

وہ اجنبی تھا، غیر تھا، کس نے کہا نہ تھا

دل کو گرہ یقین کسی نے ہوا نہ تھا

ہم کو تو احتیاط غم کی دل عزیز تھی

کچھ اس لئے بھی کسم پکائی کا جھگڑا نہ تھا

دست خیال پار سے پھوٹے شفق کے رنگ

نقش قدم بھی رنگ دینا کے سوا نہ تھا

وصفِ اے دست کہ بابا اٹھا جس نے پاس

جلوہ عمر نہیں سدا کے گئے سوا نہ تھا

کچھ اس قدر تھی ارہی بازار آرزو

دل جو خریدتا تھا اسے دیکھتا نہ تھا

کیسے کریں گے ذکرِ صوبہ جہا پند

جب نام دوستوں میں بھی لینا روا نہ تھا

کچھ یونہی زرد زرد سی ناہید آج تھی

کچھ اوزنی کا رنگ بھی کھلتا ہوا نہ تھا

کشور ناہید

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کبھی نظر تو آتھیں اضطراب تو اسے

مری کھلی ہوئی آنکھوں کو کوئی خواب تو اسے

جوازِ صحت نہ برسوں کی رنجشوں کا مگر

قریب آگے لٹکتے اضطراب تو اسے

کبھی تو سبک صدا تو اسے سکوت تھا

کبھی وہ خواب میں آ کر دم مراب تو اسے

میں دُغم بند لپی سے لپٹ کے نہ بول گی

نہ وہ سکون تھا، مگر اضطراب تو اسے

نہ چین ہم سے ہی یک گونہ لذتِ تدبیر

سب سے پہلے، عرصہِ صاب تو اسے

چھڑ کے لئے میں لذت سہی مگر ناہید

کبھی تو ہل مسلسل کا ہی مذاق تو اسے

کشور ناہید

پھر اعتبارِ شب میں گھلے زندگی کی شام

پھر اعتبارِ شب میں گھلے زندگی کی شام
موج ہوائے تازہ بنے زندگی کی شام
تازہ رفاقتوں کی مہک سے کھلے بدن
خوابوں کی خوشبوؤں سے سجے زندگی کی شام
معلوم ہے یہ سحر گھڑی دو گھڑی کا ہے
پھر بھی کہو، سنبھل کے چلے زندگی کی شام
جو بوند خوں بھی جسم میں تھا، صرف غم ہوا
اب اور غم بھی دو کہ بڑھے زندگی کی شام
دیکھا جو آئینہ تو بدن کو بچنے لگا
ایسے ڈرا رہی ہے مجھے زندگی کی شام
شاید کہ کوئی خانماں برباد ٹھیس جائے
زنجیرِ دل ہلاتی چلے زندگی کی شام
پھولوں کے آنچلوں میں تو تتلی کے رنگ ہیں
بانہوں کی کیاریوں میں سجے زندگی کی شام
گہرا ہے آج درد کی پروا کا گھاؤ بھی
ناپید جاں گسل ہے پہ ہے زندگی کی شام

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ابھی موسم نہیں بدلا

ابھی شادابیوں نے صبح کا آنگن نہیں دیکھا
ابھی دیوارِ درد سے خوف کے سائے نہیں سمٹے
ابھی حیلہ فروشِ ملتب خواہش میں ٹھہری ہے
ابھی بھولی نہیں وہ داستاں جو ہم پہ گزری ہے
ابھی موسم نہیں بدلا
زباں بندی کے صحرا سے نکل تو آئے ہو لیکن
تخن کے شعلہ تائید کو ازراں نہیں کرتے
نئے موسم کو حرفِ شوق کا عنوان نہیں کرتے
وہ موسم جس میں تازہ کوئلیں ڈر کے نکلتی تھیں
ہراک گہراور ہر دلییر پر پہرہ خزاں کا تھا
دعا کے بادباں پہ نام بھی نام گماں کا تھا
وہ موسم جس میں عفریت ہزیمت راج کرتا تھا
وہ کیا آسیب تھا جو اپنی گلیوں سے گزرتا تھا
کہ اب دیوارِ درد سے کوف کے سائے سمیٹے جائیں
کہ اب شادابیاں ٹھہریں
کہ اب موسم بدل جائے

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The Re-conquest of Spain and the Birth of the Chess Queen: by Izhar Khan



When I was 6 years old I learned to play Chess from my maternal grandfather Akbar Khan (nom de plume Asghar) and my mother Asghari Khanum. Akbar Khan was born in Kalanaur, East Punjab in 1901. He was a civil engineer and had built a dam on the Kiran River which flows through his city. His father named him after Akbar-e-Azam, the Great Mughal emperor who was crowned king in Kalanaur while on a hunting trip when news reached of the death of his father Humayun. My grandfather's passions included horse riding, hunting and collecting ancient Quranic manuscripts. He was also an accomplished poet and artist and a keen Chess player. Chess was played regularly in our family and my grandfather used to remind us that it was the game of Kings.

Chess or Chatarunga to use its original Eastern name is thought to have originated in the sixth century. The word Chatarunga represents four divisions (of an army), infantry, cavalry, elephants and chariots. From these evolved the modern pieces, pawns, knights, bishops and rooks. The aim of the game is simple i.e. to give your opponent Check- Mate - a mortal threat, to the King. The term has its roots in the Persian phrase Shah Maat or The King's death.

The King the least potent, most vulnerable piece is protected by the versatile Queen, and her coterie of supporters; eight pawns (infantry), two knights, two bishops (who only move diagonally) and the two rooks. The pieces are arranged in two ranks of eight pieces confronting the opposite army before play (battle) commences.

Chess is a profoundly tactical game and requires great mental agility and foresight. Professional chess players (Grand Masters) often display eccentricities and make headline news and the game has even played a role in the Cold War with the legendary Fisher-Spassky match in Reykjavik in 1972, seen as a colossal battle between the West and the Soviet Union played out on a board of sixty-four squares. The thought of conflicts being resolved over a game of chess is quite tempting.

I recall that my grandfather always used to refer to the pieces in a manner different from what is now accepted terminology. For instance he called the Bishop, Fil or Elephant, the Knight, Horse and the Queen, Vizier. As a child Chess enthusiast the difference in nomenclature of the pieces across the East West cultural divide puzzled me and it wasn't until I read the history of Moorish Spain that the origins of this semantic difference revealed itself to me.

Marilyn Yalom, author of a book on the Chess Queen, considers the impact that the Catholic re-conquest of Spain in 1492 by the Castilian Queen Isabella and her husband Ferdinand of Aragon had on the game. Chess, which the Arabs had learned from their Persian and Indian conquests had been introduced into Andalusia by the Moors and was a popular pastime among

Muslims, Christians and Jews alike, notwithstanding some members of the Christian clergy who regarded the game as Islamic, and therefore contrary to the Catholic tradition.

The earliest manuscripts place the original chess Queen on the board in the 10th century. She played a much weaker role and was only allowed to move one square at a time and only on the diagonal. The game played by the Moors had a Vizier (minister-in-chief) next to the King. The Vizier was a powerful figure in the courts of Moorish Spain. Indeed often the King or Emir was merely a figurehead and real power rested with the Vizier, as was the case in the Emirate of Cordoba in the 12th century. The Vizier was able to move diagonally and in straight lines, and over the whole length of the board. Since the days of Hannibal of Carthage and Abraha of Abyssinia the elephant, or Fil in Arabic, played an important and devastating role in military campaigns. The Fil was a powerful piece on the board and could move diagonally across the chequered battlefield.

The object of the game was to check (threaten) the king with no avenue for escape, thus resulting in check mate.

With the fall of the Moors' last redoubt, the Al-Hamra and Gharnata (Granada) in 1492, the 700 year reign of the Muslims ended in Spain. Isabella re-united the Iberian Peninsula and was credited for her political genius. Her most influential advisors were the Bishops of Rome and she is also remembered for establishing the Spanish inquisition and the systematic expulsion of Jews and Muslims from Spain. The Golden age of Catholic Spain had begun. The 'discovery' of the Americas, following on the heels of the re-conquest unleashed a reign of terror. Isabella's Generals were let loose upon the natives of America and her Bishops forced Christianity upon them. The Spanish coffers were filled with looted gold and riches beyond the wildest dreams of the Queen and her Bishops. As often happens when imperialist expansion confers power and wealth on a people, the Church claimed the ascent of Spanish power as divine providence and the reward for the expulsion of the infidel Moor and the accursed Jew by the Great Queen Isabella and her consort Ferdinand.

And the game of chess was transformed too. Isabella's combination of strategic genius and cold hearted destruction led to the dominating power of the Chess Queen in modern chess which was first known as "Queen's" chess. In keeping with changing times the Vizier of Moorish chess was replaced by the all-powerful Queen, the Fil (elephant) was replaced by the Bishop, and the Horse by the Knight thus bringing the game of chess in line with the politics of the day. The game of Chess now reflected the prevailing political reality of the Spanish Imperial behemoth.

This historical anecdote reminds us of how major political events impact on seemingly mundane activities such as a board game, albeit in this case the game of Kings. There are infinite permutations in the game of Chess but there are some standard opening moves which have been given names. My favourite opening is the Queens Gambit, and when playing the game my thoughts are often transported to the earth shattering events of the Re-Conquista five hundred years ago in the land of Andalusia.

شارق علی

عراقی حکومت کی دعوت پر بغداد اور بصرہ کے ڈاکٹروں کی ہفتہ بھر ٹریننگ سے فارغ ہوتے ہی اب میں انگلینڈ واپسی کے لیے جارج ٹینن ایر لائنز کی قطار میں کھڑا تھا۔ ائر پورٹ کی عمارت میزائلوں سے جگہ جگہ زخمی، لیکن مصروف عمل تھی۔ ہال وے کی دیوار پر لگی کلاک نے زور سے آٹھ بجائے۔ نظر پڑی تو درج تھا اکتیس مارچ 2010 - میرے آگے درمیانی عمر اور کھردرے سے خدوخال کا ایک عراقی ہاتھ میں کچھ پاسپورٹ، نقاب پوش بیوی اور دو بچے لیے کھڑا تھا۔ 13 یا 14 سالہ لڑکا، سالہ لڑکی۔ لڑکا نہ صرف لنگڑا تھا بلکہ اسکی بائیں آنکھ ضائع ہو کر متعلقہ حلقہ میں تقریباً دفن ہو چکی تھی۔ اور تقریباً 9 یا 10 متصل نصف چہرے کے زخم اب پوری طرح بھر چکے تھے۔

ابو غرائب جیل کی اونچی دیواروں کے ساتھ ساتھ چلتی تیز رفتار جیپ نے دھول اڑائی۔ دیکھتے ہی دیکھتے دھول غیر انسانی تشدد اور انسانی ضمیر کی خاموشی لیے آہستگی کے ساتھ بیٹھ گئی، بو سونگھتے نکتھے اور بانپتی زبانیں آگے بڑھیں، اجنبی ہاتھ زنجیر تھامے ہوئے۔ پیٹی سے بندھا پستول، کندھے سے لٹکتی آٹو میٹنگ گن۔ جگہ جگہ تلاشی کی ذلت اور زبردستی مسکراتے نصیب بے بساں۔ بار بار ذہن میں آتا سوال، جینے کی ذلت زیادہ یا موت کی اذیت؟ - گرین زون کی قید میں الرشید ہوٹل کے کمرہ نمبر 727 میں بتی ذرا دیر کو جلی، پھر بجھ گئی، کھڑکی میں کھڑے سوچ کے رت جگے کے احترام میں، گنبدِ غوثِ اعظم سامنے، تھکے مسافر کے انتھک سوال۔ کب ہوگی مشکل کشائی؟ حاجت روائی؟ کہاں ہے دجلہ و فرات کی طغیانی؟ اور کتنا انتظار؟

ٹیبلوں پر دھرا پانچ ستاروں والے کھانوں کا انبار، بازاروں میں ہو کا عالم، نہ آدم نہ آدم زاد۔ شکم سیری جیسے جرم، زخموں کی درجہ بندی اور تفصیل، مسیحا کی ترجیحات۔ باتیں، دلوز گفتگو، سفاک المیے، قصے، لرزش، آنسو اور خون۔ تازہ خون، منصور حلاج کی کلائیوں سے ابلتا ہوا، تازہ، گرم، منہ سے شعلوں کی طرح لپکتا ہوا۔ چھینٹے اڑاتا ہوا نعرہ خون۔ میں ہوں یا تو مشکل آبِ کساء۔ میں یا صرف اور صرف تو۔ برحق، قاہر، عادل، قائم اور دائم صرف تو

امیگریشن آفیسر نے سامنے کھڑے عراقی کے ہاتھ سے پاسپورٹ لیے اور تیزی سے اوراق پلٹتے ہوئے مشینی انداز میں پوچھا "انگلینڈ جانے اور بغداد سے روانگی کی وجہ؟"

اخلاص

﴿مُخْلِصِينَ لَهُ الدِّينَ﴾ (قرآن)

مذہب کا سب سے بڑا امتیاز یہ ہے کہ وہ انسان کے دل کو مخاطب کرتا ہے اس کا سارا کاروبار صرف اسی ایک مفسد گوشت سے وابستہ ہے عقائد ہوں یا عبادات اخلاق ہوں یا معاملات انسانی اعمال کے ہر گوشہ میں اس کی نظراسی ایک آئینہ پر رہتی ہے اسی حقیقت کو آنحضرت ﷺ نے ایک مشہور حدیث میں یوں ظاہر فرمایا ہے:

﴿الْإِثْمُ وَالْإِسْخَارُ فِي الْحَسَدِ مِثْقَالُ ذَرَّةٍ فَإِذَا فُتِنَ الْقَلْبُ أَصْلَحَتْ صِلَحُ الْحَسَدِ كُلُّهُ وَإِذَا فَتِنَتْ فَسَدُ الْحَسَدِ كُلُّهُ﴾ (القلب)

ہشیار ہو کہ بدن میں گوشت کا ایک ٹکڑا ہے جب وہ درست ہو تو سارا بدن درست ہوتا ہے اور وہ خراب ہو تو سارا بدن خراب ہو جاتا ہے ہشیار ہو کہ وہ دل ہے۔

دل ہی کی تحریک انسان کے ہر اچھے اور برے فعل کی بنیاد اور اساس ہے اس لیے مذہب کی ہر عمارت اسی بنیاد پر کھڑی ہوتی ہے اسلام کی تعلیم یہ ہے کہ جو نیک کام بھی کیا جائے اس کا محرک کوئی دنیاوی غرض نہ ہو اور نہ اس سے مقصود ریاء و نمائش جلب منفعت طلب شہرت یا طلب معاوضہ وغیرہ ہو بلکہ صرف اللہ تعالیٰ کے حکم کی بجا آوری اور خوشنودی ہو اسی کا نام اخلاص ہے رسول کو حکم ہوتا ہے:

﴿فَاعْبُدِ اللَّهَ مُخْلِصًا لَهُ الدِّينَ ۚ أَلَا لِلَّهِ الدِّينُ الْخَالِصُ﴾ (زمر-۱)

تو اللہ کی عبادت کر خالص کرتے ہوئے اطاعت گزاری کو اسی کے لیے ہشیار ہو کہ اللہ ہی کے لیے ہے خالص اطاعت گزاری۔

مقصود یہ ہے کہ خدا کی اطاعت گزاری میں خدا کے سوا کسی اور چیز کو اس کا شریک نہ بنایا جائے وہ چیز خواہ پتھر یا مٹی کی صورت یا آسمان و زمین کی کوئی مخلوق یا دل کا تراشا ہو کوئی باطل مقصود ہو اسی لیے قرآن پاک نے انسانی اعمال کی نفسانی غرض و غایت کو بھی بت پرستی قرار دیا ہے فرمایا:

﴿أَرَأَيْتَ يَتَّخِذُ اللَّهُ هَوَاهُ﴾ (فرقان-۴)

کیا تو نے اس کو دیکھا جس نے اپنی نفسانی خواہش کو اپنا خدا بنا لیا ہے۔

چنانچہ اسلام کی یہ اہم ترین تعلیم ہے کہ انسان کا کام ہر قسم کی ظاہری و باطنی بت پرستی سے پاک ہو رسول کو اس اعلان کا حکم ہوتا ہے:

﴿قُلْ إِنِّي أُمِرْتُ أَنْ أَعْبُدَ اللَّهَ مُخْلِصًا لَهُ الدِّينَ ۚ وَأُمِرْتُ لِأَنْ أَكُونَ أَوَّلَ الْمُسْلِمِينَ ۚ قُلْ إِنِّي أَخَافُ إِنْ عَصَيْتُ رَبِّي عَذَابَ يَوْمٍ عَظِيمٍ ۚ قُلِ اللَّهُ أَعْبُدْ مُخْلِصًا لَهُ دِينِي ۚ فَاَعْبُدُوا مَا شِئْتُمْ مِنْ دُونِهِ﴾ (زمر-۲)

کہہ دے کہ مجھے حکم دیا گیا ہے کہ میں اطاعت گزاری کو اللہ کے لیے خالص کر کے اس کی عبادت کروں اور مجھے حکم

دیا گیا ہے کہ میں پہلا فرمانبردار بنوں کہہ دے کہ میں ڈرتا ہوں اگر اپنے پروردگار کی نافرمانی کروں بڑے دن کے عذاب سے کہہ دے کہ اللہ ہی کی عبادت کرتا ہوں اپنی اطاعت گزاری کو اس کے لیے خالص کر کے تو تم (اے کفار) خدا کو چھوڑ کر جس کی عبادت چاہے کرو۔

قرآن پاک کے سات موقعوں پر یہ آیت ہے:

﴿مُخْلِصِينَ لَهُ الدِّينَ﴾

اطاعت گزاری کو خدا کے لیے خالص کر کے۔

اس سے معلوم ہوا کہ ہر عبادت اور عمل کا پہلا رکن یہ ہے کہ وہ خالص خدا کے لیے ہو یعنی اس میں کسی ظاہری و باطنی بت پرستی اور خواہش نفسانی کو دخل نہ ہو اور ﴿إِلَّا ابْتِغَاءَ وَجْهِ رَبِّهِ الْأَعْلَى﴾ (یل-۱) یعنی خدائے برتر کی ذات کی خوشنودی کے سوا کوئی اور غرض نہ ہو۔

انبیاء علیہم السلام نے اپنی دعوت اور تبلیغ کے سلسلہ میں ہمیشہ یہ اعلان کیا ہے ہم جو کچھ کر رہے ہیں اس سے ہم کو کوئی دنیاوی غرض اور ذاتی معاوضہ مطلوب نہیں

﴿وَمَا أَسْأَلُكُمْ عَلَيْهِ مِنْ أَجْرٍ إِنْ أَجْرِيَ إِلَّا عَلَى رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ﴾ (شعراء-۶، ۷، ۸، ۹-۱۰)

اور میں اس پر کوئی مزدوری تم سے نہیں چاہتا میری مزدوری تو اسی پر ہے جو ساری دنیا کا پروردگار ہے۔

حضرت نوحؑ کی زبان سے بھی یہی فرمایا گیا:

﴿يَقَوْمُ لَا أَسْأَلُكُمْ عَلَيْهِ مَالًا إِنْ أَجْرِيَ إِلَّا عَلَى اللَّهِ﴾ (حد-۳)

اے میری قوم! میں تم سے اس پر دولت کا خواہاں نہیں میری مزدوری تو خدا ہی پر ہے۔

خود ہمارے رسول ﷺ کو یہ کہہ دینے کا فرمان ہوا میں تم سے اپنے لیے کوئی مزدوری و اجرت نہیں چاہتا اگر چاہتا بھی ہوں تو تمہارے ہی لیے۔

﴿قُلْ مَا سَأَلْتُكُمْ مِنْ أَجْرٍ فَهُوَ لَكُمْ إِنْ أَجْرِيَ إِلَّا عَلَى اللَّهِ وَهُوَ عَلَى كُلِّ شَيْءٍ شَهِيدٌ﴾ (سبا-۶)

کہہ دے کہ میں نے تم سے جو اجرت چاہی تو وہ تمہارے ہی لیے میری اجرت تو اللہ پر ہے وہ ہر بات پر گواہ ہے۔

یعنی وہ ہر بات کا عالم اور نیتوں سے واقف ہے وہ جانتا ہے کہ میری ہر کوشش بے غرض اور صرف خدا کے لیے ہے دوسری جگہ فرمایا:

﴿لَا أَسْأَلُكُمْ عَلَيْهِ أَجْرًا إِلَّا الْمَوَدَّةَ فِي الْقُرْبَى﴾ (شوری-۳)

میں اس پر تم سے کوئی مزدوری نہیں چاہتا مگر قرابت داروں میں محبت رکھنا۔

یعنی رسول نے اپنی بے غرض کوششوں سے امت کو جو دینی و دنیاوی فائدے پہنچائے اس کے لیے وہ تم سے کسی ذاتی منفعت کا خواہاں نہیں اگر وہ اس کے معاوضہ میں کچھ چاہتا ہے تو یہ ہے کہ قرابت داروں کا حق ادا کرو اور آپس میں محبت رکھو۔

اسی قسم کی بات ایک اور آیت میں ظاہر کی گئی ہے:

﴿قُلْ مَا أَسْأَلُكُمْ عَلَيْهِ مِنْ أَجْرٍ إِلَّا مَنْ شَاءَ أَنْ يَتَّخِذَ إِلَىٰ رَبِّهِ مَسِيلًا﴾ (فرقان-۵)

کہہ دے کہ میں تمہاری اس رہنمائی پر تم سے کوئی معاوضہ نہیں مانگتا، مگر یہی کہ جو چاہے اپنے پروردگار کی طرف راست پکڑے۔

یعنی میری اس محنت کی مزدوری یہی ہے کہ تم میں سے کچھ لوگ حق کو قبول کر لیں۔

دنیا میں بھی اخلاص ہی کامیابی کی اصل بنیاد ہے، کوئی بظاہر نیکی کا کتنا ہی بڑا کام کرے، لیکن اگر اس کی نسبت یہ معلوم ہو جائے کہ اس کا مقصد اس کام سے کوئی ذاتی غرض یا محض دکھاوا اور نمائش تھا، تو اس کام کی قدر و قیمت فوراً نگاہوں سے گر جائے گی، اسی طرح روحانی عالم میں بھی خدا کی نگاہ میں اس چیز کی کوئی قدر نہیں جو اس کی بارگاہ بے نیاز کے علاوہ کسی اور کے لیے پیش کی گئی ہو، مقصود اس سے یہ ہے کہ نیکی کا ہر کام دنیاوی لحاظ سے بے غرض و بے منت اور بلا خیال مزد و اجرت اور تحسین و شہرت کی طلب سے بالا تر ہو۔ یہ تحسین و شہرت کا معاوضہ بھی دین تو الگ رہا، دنیا بھی انہیں کو عطا کرتی ہے، جن کی نسبت اس کو یقین ہوتا ہے کہ انہوں نے اپنا کام انہیں شرائط کے ساتھ انجام دیا ہے۔

ہم جو کام بھی کرتے ہیں اس کی دو شکلیں پیدا ہوتی ہیں، ایک مادی جو ہمارے ظاہری جسمانی اعضا کی حرکت و جنبش سے پیدا ہوتی ہے، دوسری روحانی، جس کا ہیولی ہمارے دل کے ارادہ و نیت اور کام کی اندرونی غرض و غایت سے تیار ہوتا ہے، کام کی بقا اور برکت دین اور دنیا دونوں میں اسی روحانی پیکر کے حسن و قبح اور ضعف و قوت کی بنا پر ہوتی ہے، انسانی اعمال کی پوری تاریخ اس دعویٰ کے ثبوت میں ہے، اسی لیے اس اخلاص کے بغیر اسلام میں نہ تو عبادت قبول ہوتی ہے اور نہ اخلاق و معاملات عبادت کا درجہ پاتے ہیں، اس لیے ضرورت ہے کہ ہر کام کے شروع کرتے وقت ہم اپنی نیت کو ہر غیر مخلصانہ غرض و غایت سے بالا اور ہر دنیاوی مزد و اجرت سے پاک رکھیں، تو رات اور قرآن دونوں میں بائبل اور قاننیل آدم کے دو بیٹوں کا قصہ ہے، دونوں نے خدا کے حضور میں اپنی اپنی پیدوار کی قربانیاں پیش کیں، خدا نے ان میں سے صرف ایک کی قربانی قبول کی اور اسی کی زبان سے اپنا یہ ابدی اصول بھی ظاہر فرما دیا:

﴿إِنَّمَا يَنْتَقِلُ اللَّهُ مِنَ الْمُتَّقِينَ﴾ (مائدہ: ۵)

خدا تو متقیوں ہی سے قبول کرتا ہے۔

متقی بھی وہی ہوتے ہیں جو دل کے اخلاص کے ساتھ رب کی خوشنودی کے لیے کام کرتے ہیں، انہیں کا کام قبول ہوتا ہے، اور ان کو دین و دنیا میں فوز و فلاح بخشا جاتا ہے، ان کو خدا کے ہاں محبوبیت کا درجہ حاصل ہوتا ہے، اور دنیا میں ان کو ہر دلعزیزی ملتی ہے، ان کے کاموں کو شہرت نصیب ہوتی ہے، اور ان کے کارناموں کو زندگی بخشی جاتی ہے، وہ جماعتوں اور قوموں کے محسن ہوتے ہیں، لوگ ان کے ان کاموں سے نسل بعد نسل فیض یاب ہوتے ہیں، اور ان کے لیے رحمت کی وعائیں مانگتے ہیں، حضرت موسیٰؑ کے عہد میں فرعونوں کو ایک پیغمبر اور جادوگر کے درمیان کوئی فرق نظر نہیں آتا تھا، کہ ان دونوں سے انہوں نے عجائب و غرائب امور کا یکساں مشاہدہ کیا، خدا نے فرمایا ان دونوں کے عجائب و غرائب میں ظاہری نہیں، باطنی صورت کا فرق ہے، ایک کے کام کی غرض صرف تماشا اور بازیگری ہے، اور دوسرے کا نتیجہ ایک پوری قوم کی اخلاقی و روحانی زندگی کا انقلاب ہے، اسی لیے یہ فیصلہ ہے کہ

﴿وَلَا يُفْلِحُ السَّاحِرُ حَيْثُ أَتَى﴾ (ط-۳)

اور جادوگر جہر سے بھی آئے فلاح نہیں پائے گا۔

چنانچہ دنیا نے دیکھ لیا کہ مصر کے جادوگروں کے حیرت انگیز کرتب صرف کہانی بن کر رہ گئے اور موسیٰؑ کے معجزات نے ایک نئی قوم، ایک نئی شریعت، ایک نئی زندگی، ایک نئی سلطنت پیدا کی جو مدتوں تک دنیا میں قائم رہی۔
غرض عمل کا اصلی پیکر وہی ہے جو دل کے کارخانہ میں تیار ہوتا ہے اسی لیے اس بات کی ضرورت ہے کہ ہر کام سے پہلے دل کی نیت کا جائزہ لے لیا جائے اس مسئلہ کو اچھی طرح سمجھ لینے کے بعد یہ نکتہ خود بخود حل ہو جائے گا کہ اسلام نے ہر عبادت کے صحیح ہونے کے لیے ارادہ اور نیت کو کیوں ضروری قرار دیا ہے۔

RECIPE OF THE MONTH: SHIRIN AHMED

Khowsay recipe .

Prepare Keema/chicken :

Chop and fry onions until transparent ... Add red Chilli, Garam masala (optional) salt, ginger garlic fry for few minutes add keema and cook until done! Add black pepper according to your taste... (Authentic recipe calls for boneless chicken pieces instead of keema)

Prepare sauce:

Stir fry chopped onions, add salt and red chili powder, add 2 tbsp of chickpeas flour and cook for couple minutes... Now add 2 cans of coconut milk and mix quickly to avoid lumps..... Now bring to a boil and let simmer for 10-15 minutes.

BOIL EGG NOODLES ACCORDING TO PACKAGE DIRECTIONS.

TO SERVE:

Serve Noodles, with chicken/keema on top and pour a lot of sauce on it.

Sprinkle lemon juice (a lot of it!)

And garnish with slices of hard boiled eggs, red chili flakes, chopped green chilies, green onions (green and white parts both) and spicy chips slims!

Enjoy!